

The Critic

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Hereafter THE CRITIC will be published weekly from the middle of September to the middle of June, and fortnightly from the middle of June to the middle of September. The experiment has been tried this year with gratifying success. As the new arrangement reduces the number of copies to be published during the year from fifty-two to forty-five, a corresponding reduction will be made in the subscription price, which will be \$3 per annum, instead of \$3.50 as heretofore.

Some London Publishers. I.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.

THE 'mercantile ruggedness' of the London publisher is as extinct as the 'oath referential' of the English squire. Zeal for the best of the bargain with the author is still as active in the trade as it was in the earlier periods of its history; but the latter has no reason now to complain that he does not get the full measure of courtesy to which he is entitled. The London publisher of to-day is much more of an educated gentleman than were, if we are to credit history, the majority of his predecessors. Indeed, as far as social position goes—and most of us have a desire to stand well socially—he more than holds his own with the author. The purse of the latter, like that of too many of his forerunners, is seldom well-filled; the means of the former are much more ample. And whatever may be thought to the contrary, money exercises the same potent influence in establishing a man's position in the literary society of London as in the more fashionable outer world. Bohemianism and the habit of living in a set of frowzy attic chambers in Gray's Inn, with a gin-sodden 'laundress' in attendance, are things of the past. A man of letters, if he wish to have some consideration shown him, and to acquire that experience of his fellows which, before all things else, is essential to his success, must be prepared to rent a suite of rooms in some good locality, or a decent-looking house in a fashionable London suburb, and to entertain occasionally with some show of hospitality. All this comes easier to the publisher to do, than to his client the author.

The publisher has also some other advantages on his side which help to increase his importance in the world. Of late years it has become a practice with some of the best English families to send their younger sons into trade, possibly because the want of something to do is more widely felt among Englishmen of gentle birth than heretofore, but more probably because money is easier made in the business of commerce than in most other

pursuits. We find lords, and baronets, and 'honorables,' and other aristocratic personages occupying seats in banks, merchants' counting-houses, and stock-brokers' offices; and whereas in olden time it was quite the exception for a man to forsake the sunny paths of professional life for the broader but less pleasant ways of trade, this has now become quite a common occurrence. The change from the older order of things has not been without its influence on the business of publishing. The industrious apprentice seldom gets beyond the desk or retail counter. Promotion from the menial occupations of taking down the shutters and sweeping out the shop, to the more responsible duties of signing checks and interviewing customers, has no longer any place in the system of Paternoster Row. A junior partner when he is wanted is admitted from outside. A good round sum at his banker's is his best qualification. If he possess but little business knowledge, it may be very readily acquired. Compensating advantages can generally be offered by the novice, in the way of a public-school and university education, with all the prestige that such a training usually confers. A man can hardly pass through Eton and Oxford, or Harrow and Cambridge, without forming some influential connections. The possibility of, at some future day, securing a useful clientèle of clever young university men, who love pen and paper as a school-boy loves fruit-tart, is a consideration likely to have some weight in adjusting the partnership arrangements of a publishing firm. Money, social rank and influential connections are serviceable gifts to bring into any business.

A good example of the modern London publishing-house may be found in the firm of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., whose success during the few years it has been in existence has been rather remarkable. Mr. Kegan Paul was educated at Eton and Oxford, and was at one time in holy orders, and from 1853 to 1862 was 'Master in College' at Eton, a position of some responsibility, if of small profit compared with most Eton offices. He resigned his mastership and orders, and later became associated with the firm of Henry S. King & Co. of Cornhill. When they relinquished the publishing department of their business, Mr. Kegan Paul, who had borne an active part in managing it, took it over, and moving into Paternoster Square, admitted into partnership Mr. Alfred C. Trench, a younger son of the present Archbishop of Dublin. This gentleman is also of Eton and Oxford. As might be supposed, there is more of polite affability than 'mercantile ruggedness' to be found in the partners' room of Kegan Paul & Co., and a little courtesy is of inestimable value in smoothing the way for the discussion of the plans of a timorous author.

The Nineteenth Century, and the reputation which belongs to the list of its contributors, unquestionably helped the firm into prominence. There were those among the literary folk who did not scruple to say in the beginning that the name of 'Kegan Paul & Co.' would never flourish and become popular with authors. 'Routledge' might do, or 'Sampson Low,' or 'Chatto & Windus,' or any other name or combination of names, but 'Kegan Paul & Co.,' never. It had a harsh and unfamiliar sound which grated on the ear, and did not look attractive on a title-page. But the literary prophets were wrong, as they not unfrequently are; and the firm's imprint has appeared on the title-page of some of the ablest, and most attractive-looking, books issued in recent years from the publishing-press of London. The Pulpit Commentary, the Parchment

Library, and the International Scientific Series (the latter undertaken in conjunction with Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, with whom, indeed, the idea originated) are among the more successful of the firm's ventures. Good paper, good print, good binding, and careful oversight in a book's production, have had somewhat to do in establishing Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.'s reputation from a trade point of view; added to which they have been unusually fortunate in their negotiations with American houses, the Appletons among the number.

Like most if not all of their contemporaries in London, Kegan Paul & Co. affect to care little for the American market, as being hardly worth looking after; but nevertheless they do look after it, as, indeed, do the majority of their competitors. It is a curious fact that while London publishers never tire of making this complaint as regards the American market, American publishers never cease to say the same with respect to the English market. Neither is worth troubling about; and yet English publishers or their agents go periodically to the United States, and American publishers or their representatives come over yearly to London, each striving his best in the way of buying and selling, or in negotiating future enterprises. If neither market is worth looking after, a good deal of money must be thrown away in chasing a will 'o the wisp, or, better to say, in taking a pleasant holiday at the expense of 'profit and loss,' or some other equally convenient account in the ledger.

There is no other house in the London publishing trade occupying exactly the same position as Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. It advertises no specialty in its catalogue of books, but following the law of successful publishing, undertakes any enterprise in book-making likely to result in a profit. And yet it may be said almost to stand at this early day apart from the rest of the trade, much as the aristocratic house in Albermarle Street is isolated from the more humble firms of Amen Corner. The Paternoster Square firm enjoys the patronage of some of the leaders of the advanced liberal movement in England, and has the distinguished honor of being the Poet Laureate's publishers, as well as of several other gentlemen, who may possibly aspire in due time to the office of Poet Laureate. It did not hesitate to introduce Mr. George's 'Progress and Poverty' to the notice of English readers, along with some other works of a similar pronounced kind, including a history of the Fenian Conspiracy. It has also issued to the public a fair share of indifferent fiction and a more than fair share of indifferent verse. Still, the firm flourishes and promises in time to beat the majority of its competitors—to stand, in fact, the Longmans of the modern school.

Were we asked to account for the rapid success of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. in the hazardous business of publishing, we should venture the opinion that Eton and Oxford had had something to do with it, but the personal qualities and influential connections of the senior partner a good deal more. Mr. Kegan Paul is a man of more than average business shrewdness, and he is a man also of more than average ability. He has mixed much in clerical and literary society, and has friends among some of the best-known and ablest men-of-letters in England. He has some claims, indeed, to be considered of their fraternity himself, and would probably do even better work in the way of authorship than he has done if his publishing business allowed him greater opportunity. In manner he is quiet and re-

served, and his reserve gives one the impression that he would be a tough customer for a gentleman of superficial attainments to encounter in after-dinner debate. He knows a little of most things, and like most clever men is not altogether unconscious of the fact. A fledgling author inclined to give himself airs in the little room of Paternoster Square would find he was, figuratively speaking, in the wrong box. If the scent of the far-away atmosphere of Eton and Oxford didn't suffice to smother him, the subtler presence of an archbishop's son would.

Mr. Trench, though a considerably younger man than his partner, is a fair judge of an author's possibilities, and a clever appraiser of a book's worth. A market for flimsy literary material is not to be found in the domicile of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., save, perhaps, in the way of a 'commission.' 'Commission books' are acceptable offerings to bring to any publisher, big, little, famous or the reverse; and the more bulky the ms. tendered, the more acceptable will it be. 'Commission books,' with a *carte blanche* as to expenditure on paper and binding will be certain to suit the most renowned publisher the world ever produced.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

Literature

"Life of James Buchanan."*

THE public career of James Buchanan ended so disastrously for himself, for his party, and for his country, that it has been well-nigh forgotten how long and varied that career was. He served the State for more than forty years. Beginning as a Representative in the Pennsylvania Legislature, he was five times elected a Representative in Congress, and three times a Senator; he was Minister to Russia, Minister to England, and Secretary of State, before he finally attained, in his sixty-sixth year, 'the highest political honor on earth—an honor such as no other people have the power to bestow,' *viz.*, the Presidency.

Few American statesmen have been so long and so conspicuously before the public, and though he was devoid of genius yet his abilities were of a high order, and he filled his various and important offices with intelligence and success. He was for twenty years a prominent leader in the Democratic party, and on the floor of the Senate he met Clay, and Webster, and Calhoun, in debate, and on equal terms in regard to logic and clearness of statement, though he never rivalled them for a moment in eloquence. His standards of public and private morality were higher than those of most public men of his own time, or of the present day, and he never swerved from them. His private life was singularly pure. Yet, in spite of the able pleading of this book, it is probable that his life will always be considered, as it has been for the last twenty years, a dreadful failure. For he ran counter to the greatest political current which this country has ever seen, and this current finally overwhelmed him. 'He was the last of a race of eminent public men who had been bred in a profound reverence for the Constitution and intimate knowledge of it.' Lord Bacon has said that 'the study of the law sharpens but narrows the intellect.' It certainly did so in Buchanan's case. His great political purpose was always to 'put a stop to anti-slavery agitation,' to postpone the evil day when the great question must be settled. His mind inclined to compromises. The Missouri compromise of 1820, the Clay measures of 1850,

* Life of James Buchanan. By George Ticknor Curtis. New York: Harper.

the Crittenden resolutions of 1861—these were his ideals of statesmanship. With such bulrushes he sought to dam up the waters of freedom, until finally they gathered such irresistible force as to sweep him and all his kind out of political existence, to obscure all his previous services—many of which, and especially in diplomacy, had been most valuable—and to leave him in history as the weak and vacillating man, entangled in his own fine-spun Constitutional theories, under whom rebellion gained its first strength.

Such has been the generally accepted opinion of Buchanan during the twenty years since his career closed. That Mr. Curtis entertains no such opinion of him was to be expected from his previous writings, and that he should state Buchanan's case for him more ably probably than would be possible to any other man now living, was also to be expected from his own eminence as author, jurist and advocate. Although his book cannot escape the criticism of being rather the argument of eminent counsel than the opinion of the judge, yet Buchanan has certainly had his full measure of denunciation, and perhaps sufficient allowance has not been made for the trying circumstances in which he was placed. Perhaps he has been too much judged by the after-course of events rather than by the lights which he had to guide him at the time. At all events, it is now eminently proper that everything that can be said for him should be said, and carefully considered. And it is impossible for this work to be better done than Mr. Curtis has done it. He defends the compromises and Buchanan's support of them, and he considers Buchanan's message of December, 1860—which has been ridiculed as the Constitutional *reductio ad absurdum*—to be the clearest statement of 'the true theory of our Constitution' which he has ever read. He easily disposes of the false—but long believed—slanders concerning the sending of arms to Southern States by Floyd, and no less easily of General Scott's 'views,' and pretensions, and misstatements. He holds that Buchanan's course after Lincoln's election was not only wise and consistent in every particular, but that it was also vigorous, and would have been entirely successful had not Congress failed to support him. To say that such positions as these are supported by powerful arguments is to say that the book is one of the highest interest and of enduring value. The arguments may not carry conviction, but they are worthy of the closest consideration; and in addition to them the book presents a vivid picture of the greatest crisis which has ever occurred in our political history.

Ouida's "Wanda."*

OIDA's latest novel is a surprise; not on account of its power or its charm, for those most sensitive to the immoral in her stories have never been able to deny their literary ability; but because for once the power and the charm are entirely divorced from the immoral. The only pity is that those stirred by the purity of this may try the others. There are bad books—and bad books. Zola's are a type of badness *pur et simple*; if you don't care for the badness, there is really nothing else to read them for; but in Ouida's there has been so much else, that many have tolerated the immoral element. This very mixture of good with bad has made her books the more dangerous. It is hard to understand that any one can be perverted by Zola (we watched, indeed, the beginning of his career with a feeling that he might be writing with a distinct moral purpose to make vice

horribly unattractive); but the passionate element in Ouida, the unlawful or lawless love, was so blended with brilliancy, so alluring with beauty, that if we had had to choose between a novel of Zola and one of Ouida for a young person to read, we should perhaps have chosen to trust Zola; for coarseness is less insidious than voluptuousness; and that Ouida was intellectual as well as immoral only gave her entrance where Zola would not be tolerated. We believe, however, that no one could read 'Wanda' without feeling that even if there were no God and no future life, no moral code, no conscience in the heart, it would still be better to be good than to be bad, better to be true than to be false, better to be gentle than to be harsh, better to be brave than to be a coward, better to be pure than to be passionate; and this, not because immorality and cowardice and passion are shown to be so terrible, but because goodness and truth and purity are pictured as so beautiful. Even a lower appeal to virtue is not disdained; we are made to feel that sensuality and infidelity will not 'pay'; the bad woman of the book, who is, however, allowed very few pages in which to play her part, is completely routed, and drives away from the house of the woman who has conquered her without stooping to be her rival, wondering mutely 'what it is people see in her!'

The scene is laid, not in cities, but in the mountain fastnesses of Austria; and those who remember Ouida's descriptions of scenery will be glad to find themselves with her, no longer in rose-scented drawing-rooms and boudoirs, but under the clear, shining skies of snow-covered hills, with keen breezes in the air, and stars glittering in the frosty heavens. The surroundings are still elegant; for Ouida, like Disraeli, could hardly exist, still less write, without jewels and hot-house flowers; the castle is one where Liszt visits, and sovereigns spend the night, and the women still wear ivory velvet, with great pearls at their throat, and lean back in carved chairs with furs of sable about them, and a great hound crouching at their feet. But this time, it is a noble woman who wears the ivory velvet and pearls, living in her beautiful castle a life stately and austere; and Wanda will, we believe, take her place among the great heroines of fiction. It is a story of love, but it is the love of a husband and wife; the long courtship is full of dignity and sweet reserve, and the picture given of nine years of married happiness is one which we believe has never been excelled; while it is perhaps unnecessary to add that the children play a part in the drama unequalled for exquisite appreciation of children's natures. Husband and wife separate at last, not because they are tired of each other, or have been unfaithful; but because the wife has discovered that in one point her husband has deceived her, and she is a woman to believe that where there is one fraud there can be no truth. Sympathy is curiously enlisted for the husband; for he is no mere base-born impostor. In assuming the title to which he had no right, though he wore it so well, he wronged no rightful heir; and that he had inherited illegally his instincts of a gentleman and his desire for luxury only heightens one's appreciation of his temptation. 'Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.' But his wife could not understand and would not pardon. It is to be remembered that it is a novel, too, of caste, and that to her noble and patrician instincts the fact that her husband had on one side descended from a serf almost outweighed the fact of the deception. She does not carry her wrongs to lawyers, though even the stern Catholic Church would

* Wanda. By Ouida. Philadelphia: J. E. Lippincott & Co.

have granted her a divorce under the circumstances; she will not even carry them to the confessional, though she is a dutiful member of the Church, and the niece of a Cardinal; and her dignified attitude in bearing her wounds silently is a fine plea against divorce. But she will not live with the man who has deceived her; until, after communing with herself for three years, she realizes that if she will not annul her marriage, she has no right to ignore its duties. When she learns that he has spent those years, not in the great cities, that would have made much of one always their favorite and taught him to forget, but in hovering secretly near her on the slopes of one of her own mountains, in an obscure and lonely hut, it is no wonder that she relents; and when, at last, on that very mountain, he saves the life of her first-born—the beautiful child who, believing that her mother would never smile again till father came back, had gone to seek him on the dangerous mountain slopes—the story is brought to an exquisite and artistic close, with forgiveness sealed by death.

"What Social Classes Owe to Each Other."*

THE Professor of Political and Social Science in Yale College is not only a political economist; he is something of a satirist as well, and the chapter-headings of this small tractate indicate the tone of the book itself. Here are six out of eleven of them: 'On a New Philosophy: That Poverty is the Best Policy.' 'That a Free Man is a Sovereign, but that a Sovereign Cannot Take "Tips."' 'That it is not Wicked to be Rich; Nay, Even, that it is not Wicked to be Richer than One's Neighbor.' 'On the Reasons why Man is not Altogether a Brute.' 'That He who Would be Well Taken Care of must Take Care of Himself.' 'On the Value, as a Sociological Principle, of the Rule to Mind One's Own Business.' It is not often that one finds such humorous and suggestive head-lines in a serious work; nor is the innovation one that the student will quarrel with, unless much study has dulled his wits.

If Prof. Sumner has made a correct examination of the affairs of society, what social classes owe to each other is, simply, immunity from mutual interference. The classes whose relations are here discussed are the rich and educated on the one hand; on the other, those who have less education and property. The doctrine that the latter should be educated at the care and expense of the former is, in the author's opinion, vicious and immoral. In the United States of America, where liberty and universal suffrage are guaranteed by the State, no man can ask for more. 'The State gives equal rights and equal chances just because it does not mean to give anything else.' It puts every man on his feet, and sees that, so far as the State can fairly help him, he is not handicapped in the pursuit of happiness. It does not, however, promise that the pursuit shall be successful. It is unfortunate if any man has been endowed with political power who is a heavier burden than he was before; but it cannot be said that there is any new *duty* created for the good citizens toward the bad by the fact that bad citizens are a harm to the State.

The motto of this book is the old cry of the economists, '*Laisses faire*'—an excellent rule, which the author renders into plain English as 'Mind your own business.' The book itself is a treatise on the necessity of applying this golden rule to all social questions. The State must be impartial. 'Capitalists' must protect

themselves as against their employés; employés must protect themselves, by legitimate means, strikes included, as against their employers; those who neither employ nor are employed must protect themselves by buying or refusing to buy, as they see fit, the productions of capital and labor. But neither employers nor employés must ask the State to protect their interests as producers where those interests come into collision with the interests of the buying class. This is the main argument of the book, which is, of course, an open plea for free-trade. That it is a powerful plea will be seen when it falls into the hands of the protectionist reviewers. Coming from such a champion of free-trade as Prof. Sumner, and through such a publishing-house as that of Harper & Bros., it cannot be passed by in silence. Much ingenuity will be devoted to its refutation by those who, for one reason or another, are opposed to a tariff 'for revenue only.'

Some Minor Books of Verse.

MR. SERRANO leads off, in 'Destiny, and other Poems' (Putnam), with a meditative love-poem, the pathos of which is simple and the tone fine and sweet. Two lovers who, without being aware of it, love the same woman, meet amid suggestive natural surroundings, probe each other's wounds in the course of a long colloquy which is half philosophical, half narrative, and eventually get set on the right track by their mutual confessions. There is no other plot, and this is a very common one. It is to the elevation of tone and the easy, natural movement of the discussion and explanation that we must look for our interest. The development of character in the two young persons, and the opening of the secret affection of the young lady for one of them, are worthy of praise. The whole is too long for most readers, and not pointed enough—not sufficiently rich in incident for dramatic interest, not striking enough in its thought to keep the attention long. But the versification is natural and varied.

MR. JAMES KENNEDY'S 'Poems on Scottish and American Subjects' (New York: L. D. & J. A. Robertson) are in the dialect of Burns—many of them evidently suggested by the songs of the great Scotch poet. While this throws the mind of the reader continually back to the glorious bard of Scotland, and calls up comparisons which no man should willingly force, a careful reading, with this mental reference resolutely kept down, shows that the author has much native ability. The early verses are suggested by memories of the fatherland; the later, mostly, by Scottish life in America; and the whole is an attempt to domesticate the home sentiment here. Some instructions for reading the Scotch dialect are given, which will be of interest to the uninstructed reader.

THE OLD familiar hymns rendered into Latin verse by Dr. Lawson show good, pure taste in the selection, and chaste scholarship in the rendition. ('Hymni Usitati Latine Redditi': London: Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.) The metres are mostly those of Horace, and the work of translation has been done, the author says, within the past two years. The American scholar does not often spend his leisure time in writing Latin verse; he is generally occupied, in such hours as he gets for recreation, in turning the dead into the living. But versifying in Latin is a gentle and, if not profitable, certainly a harmless amusement. Few of our scholars could furnish such finished and elegant translations as these.

* What Social Classes Owe to Each Other. By William Graham Sumner. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE VOLUME of poems by Jones Very is a reprint of an old one, first published in 1839. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It then included Essays and Poems, and Mr. Emerson was the instigator and helpful factor of the original publication. The Essays are now omitted. Mr. Very died but recently in Salem—an old man, as years go, and very old as poetical fame runs. No lover of poetry nowadays would count up the names of original writers in New England without including Jones Very, and yet he is but little known and less read. Mr. William P. Andrews does well to reproduce the almost-forgotten bard of the Mysteries, and he does unusually well in his introductory memoir, which is clean-cut, delicate, modest, but full of true appreciation. The poet's verses are all religious, as devout as George Herbert's—which they continually suggest—and, if possible, even more spiritual in quality. There is here and there a lack of finish and polish in lines—an imperfection which appears to have been wilful on the part of the author; for he wrote under a spiritual exaltation, his friends thought, but under direct inspiration, he would have preferred to call it. He was the medium through which the soul poured its teaching. The poet and man were absorbed in the divine Will, which admitted no tampering with its expression. If the verses were thus 'poured out,' the spirit behind certainly found a trained mind through which to pass the inspiration; for, except for these occasional slips—redundance of line, or deficiency—the strains are among the most musical, and, to the ear, most pleasing ever uttered by mortal breath. Mr. Very was at the time tutor in Greek at Harvard,—a polished scholar and thoroughly acquainted with Shakespeare and the masters of verse. He held friendship with such men as Emerson, the elder Richard H. Dana, Charles T. Brooks, and William Ellery Channing. All respected him, marvelled at his power and beauty of song, but all looked upon this mood, lasting only a brief while, as one of religious exaltation. When it was over, the poet still wrote well, but seldom wrote much; and his name, as we have said, almost passed out of current literature. Verses of his are to be found, however, in the unusual magazines, like *The Pioneer*—that bright monthly which Lowell edited in 1843, and to which Poe and Hawthorne, Whittier, Story the artist, and John S. Dwight the musical critic, were brilliant contributors. It lasted but three months. Mr. Very appeared also in *The Harbinger*, which was published by the Brook Farm Community, and in other periodicals, but only in small quantity. He was a Swedenborgian and preached a little; but these poems remain as his best sermons—pure, high, chaste in thought, and devotional to a degree.

Fiction in the September Magazines.

IT IS CURIOUS to note how the question of the employment or advancement of women floats to the surface in current literature; perhaps more curious still to discover that each writer has been drawn by sympathy to a different view of the topic. In *Lippincott's* we have the lowest round of the ladder (if our metaphors are a little mixed, let it be remembered that they are separated by a period), where a young woman, destitute of talent and handicapped by shame, seeks merely employment in taking up grave-digging. In *The Continent* we have, one step higher, a young girl willing to continue her father's trade of carpentering, but with innate genius which, without any struggle on her part, will carry her on to the higher field of wood-carving. In *The Century* appears the coarse, but handsome, young

woman, above the necessity for earning her living, but determined to rise in life, her only ambition being to have what rich people have. In the *Tribune* figures the young lady born in a humble station, but with the instincts of a higher, resolved to raise herself, not merely to have what rich people have, but to be what rich people are; to win for herself, not merely a carriage, fine dresses, and a house in 'the Avenue,' but culture, refinement and the divine right to be exclusive. Again, in *The Century*, is a sympathetic study of the young lady in reduced circumstances, forced to find how ineffectual as a means of livelihood are her accomplishments and 'smatterings.' The subject is the more interesting because it is one which in American literature is so purely legitimate. Woman is advancing, all over the world, but only in America are the social conditions adapted for her to advance so rapidly and so far.

In *Harper's*, the 'Castle in Spain' continues to be a rollicking tale of impossible adventures; but the reader is beginning to smile and to be interested in spite of himself, and it is impossible not to feel respect for at least the mental agility of an author capable of weaving so many different fates out of such a tangled skein. The conception of the young lady, seeking escape in the disguise of a priest, being required by her captors to perform a marriage ceremony, is exceedingly dramatic.—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop gives us the first part of an interesting and well-told story; but we hope she will not forget that it will require great nicety of treatment to give dignity to such a plot as a young man's revenge on the lady who has jilted his friend. A young lady should not jilt, but if she has jilted, a young man ought not to die from the effects.—In 'A Silhouette' we have one of Rebecca Harding Davis's powerful studies; this time of the old Southern family revenge.

We have no doubt that the editors of *The Century* have found it as politic as it is generous to rejoice more over one new author with talent than over ninety-and-nine contributors with established reputations. They have now gone a step further, and their acceptance of 'The Bread Winners' solely on its merits, without the color of a great name or the stimulus of a new one, has proved as great a success as if it had been an innocent but premeditated piece of journalistic jugglery. It is true that the story promises to be strong and interesting, and we are quite willing to accept the verdict of the editor who, having read the whole in manuscript, is said to have pronounced it one of the strongest stories that have ever come into his hands; but one can hardly be eloquent on one's first page, and it is absurd for the most acute critic to discover from the opening chapters of a book that the author has 'grasped with force and comprehension the problem of industrial conditions in America,' or 'delineated with delicacy and accuracy of color different types of individuals,' or 'presented a wonderful and graphic portrayal of representative life,' or written a novel promising to be greater than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' 'Oh, do you know, the editors themselves don't know?' has been the spur to curiosity that has quickened intellectual interest and perception. It is true again that the second instalment goes far to enable these astute critics to say 'I told you so!' But all the same we shall content ourselves for the present with giving high praise to a story betraying that the author has from the start a definite and matured purpose and plot, held well in hand from the beginning, worked out with deliberate care and keenness, and piquing interest less by display of power than by the sense given of

great power in reserve.—The troubles of Mr. Howells's poor young lady are nearing solution. We are particularly pleased with the American touch in the story; for, although it is evident that Mr. Howells will not be able to resist letting Helen have the young nobleman, she is not going to have him because she angled for him, or because he would solve her troubles, but because he had slowly taught her to love and respect him. When Mr. Howells used the dramatic incident of killing off his first hero, we felt that he would justify himself if he did not resuscitate the unfortunate Robert; now, however, that it is evident that Robert is not to return to life—for we understand that the story is to be concluded in the October number, which hardly gives room for a dramatic interference with Helen's becoming Lady Rainford, or for the tragedy of Robert's finding her married to 'Another,'—we find in ourselves an unsuspected latent attachment to the good old-fashioned endings, and the most comfortable picture of Helen in the ivy-clad English towers fails to remove from our mind an uncomfortable sense of Robert and his sharks.—Mr. Stockton's 'Our Story,' if less funny than usual throughout, is wittier than ever in the touch of its closing sentence.—We cannot leave *The Century* without alluding to Mr. Bunner's admirable 'Open Letter' on the subject of 'New York as a Field for Fiction.' We have ourselves too often commented on the points he discusses, in connection, too, with the very novel from which Mr. Bunner takes his text, for it to be a matter of doubt that we entirely agree with him.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett, by the way, seems to have taken one of Mr. Bunner's suggestions before it was made. For the heroine of his 'Ambitious Woman,' appearing in the *Sunday Tribune*, and promising the best work he has ever given us, he has chosen one of the very types that Mr. Bunner approves of. The story when finished will probably have a better right to call itself 'A Novel of New York Society' than any other that has yet appeared; for the heroine is a type peculiar not only to America but to New York, and in carrying her forward and upward by dint of that unpleasant but not wholly bad quality known as American 'push,' the author promises to give us all the strata of New York society; from Bowery theatres and undesirable residences in Greenpoint and Hoboken, up through the shoddy but kind rich of 'the Avenue,' in among the genuine and aristocratic rich, and on, we doubt not, to the deliberate and emphasized culture of the literary and artistic.

In *The Atlantic* Mr. Crawford's 'Roman Singer' grows more and more delightful, preserving a delicacy in the impassioned devotion of the lovers which is most pleasing. The Italian 'note,' however, which so far had been admirably preserved, is for a moment forgotten; Mr. Crawford becomes so interested himself in his people that he lapses from the Italian *raconteur* and falls to observing the silken morning-gowns and deep divans and dainty movements of his fair women with the observing pleasure of a Howells or a James.—'Annexed by the Tsar' is a bright and pleasant little story, and Mr. Lathrop's 'Newport' is delicious, because of such 'bits' as the description of the dudes, clinging each 'to a small cane, with a certain desperate tenacity that makes you suspect it is a sort of perch, to which they have grown accustomed in the cage where they served their apprenticeship;' and better still, the four-in-hand, 'bearing on its high back a large party who appeared to have fled to that eminence in order to escape some threatened inundation.'

In *Lippincott's*, 'The Jewel in the Lotos' continues noteworthy, if only as a concession from a Catholic convert that not only are there good and bad Catholics, but good and bad Catholic priests and nuns.—We have already alluded to the powerful, if painful, short story of 'Delia Grimwet.'—Captain King's 'The Worst Man in the Troop' is much better than his earlier novel, 'The Colonel's Daughter.'—'In Suspense' is the supposed experience in Purgatory of some one belonging to the literary profession, not over-clear in purpose or striking in execution.—'The Discipline of Paper-Dolls' is a pretty little story, light without being silly.

In *The Continent* we have more of 'Judith,' still so vivid as to seem perforce genuine autobiography, and alas! more also of the horrible 'Belinda.' The latter is neither moral, nor brilliant, nor entertaining; the only amusement the poor critic who has to read it derives, is in the idea that two such repulsive creatures as the hero and heroine can possibly admire each other.—We have more of the excellent 'What-to-do Club,' and a few short stories, of which 'Karen' and the 'Widow Lockery' are the best.

Braune's Gothic Grammar.*

THE handiness of this little book as an introduction to the study of Gothic was immediately appreciated, and the first edition of 1880 was followed last year by a second which is now translated for speakers of English. Gothic is hardly less important to us than to Germans, when we study the origins of our own language, and the translator may have been right in believing that there is a demand for such a work. Certainly no other is so concise, clear and practical. The history of the editions of the fragmentary New Testament in Gothic by Ulfilas, which is really the history of the modern study of the Gothic language, is long and not always creditable. The array of transcribers of the text, of editors of parts and the whole, of learned commentators most of whose remarks became worthless on a careful and systematic examination of the original text and comparison of those parts where duplicate mss. existed, runs from a mythical Antonio Murillo to the inaccurate Franz Junius (Dortrecht: 1665) and on to Edward Lye (Oxford: 1750) and the three quartos of Gabelentz-Löbe (Leipzig: 1836-'48), where a good edition at last appears. One Ignatius Gaugengigl irritated the German literati at this period by publishing three successive editions of Ulfilas in which he aired opinions in regard to the origin of words which were not at all to the palates of Löbe, Massmann, Vollmer and Grimm. He was the eighteenth who had dabbled with Ulfilas! At the same time Ernst Schulze published a very complete glossary.

Now the chief authority for Ulfilas is the Codex Argenteus, at Upsala in Sweden, so that not till exact texts were printed from it were the editions really on a trustworthy bottom. Bernhardt's Gothic and Greek texts with notes, published at Halle in 1876, is considered the best working edition of all that remains of this old writer. Preparatory to it is this little grammar. Braune has made some changes in the alphabet to render sounds peculiar to Gothic, but the greater number are our own Roman letters, while the new signs are easily learned. One not in our alphabet is the 'th' used in Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Balg's English is sometimes a

* Gothic Grammar. With Selections for Reading and a Glossary. By Wilhelm Braune. Translated by G. H. Balg. New York: B. Westermann & Co.

little foreign, and one or two Germanicisms of a pronounced type have been overlooked: 'leave' for leaf (p. 104), 'discharching' for discharging (p. 18), etc. These are slight blemishes in a text-book of great value. Let us trust that it will not have the fate of March's little Icelandic grammar, published years ago in this country, and now among the rarest of books of its kind.

Minor Notices.

WHEN Mr. W. J. Rolfe first saw the handsomely illustrated edition of 'The Lady of the Lake' which Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, brought out as a holiday-book, last year, he persuaded the head of that house to make use of some of the cuts in a cheaper edition of the poem for school and household use. That edition has recently appeared, in a form that does credit alike to the editor and the publisher, and at a price (75 cts.) which places it within the reach of all who are likely to desire it. Mr. Rolfe, it seems, has found the labor of correcting the text a much more arduous one than he had anticipated it would be; but he has had the gratification of putting before the world an edition more nearly perfect than any that has appeared since 1821. (Readers of his article in THE CRITIC of July 28 will have no doubt upon this score.) And he has supplemented his textual emendations with copious notes, and an index of words and phrases explained therein.

'SURF AND WAVE' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is a somewhat ambiguous title, but the sub-title makes it clear: 'The Sea as Sung by the Poets.' The book consists, then, of a collection of poems and fragments of poems relating to the 'briny deep.' The compilation has been made by Anna L. Ward, who returns thanks to Miss Florentine H. Hayden for the original designs from which the illustrations have been drawn. The reader will not be so grateful; but the value of the book depends, not upon the pictures, but upon the great extent and variety of the quotations, which range from 'The Ancient Mariner' of Coleridge to 'The White Squall' of Thackeray,—from the 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!' of Byron to 'The Steamboat' of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The compiler dates her preface from the inland town of Bloomfield, N. J. There, or elsewhere, she has found some hitherto-unpublished lyrics, which she inserts in the hope that they will fill the place of any 'favorite poems' inadvertently omitted.

'ROBINSON CRUSOE' has been reprinted in Ginn, Heath & Co.'s series of Classics for Children. It is an expurgated edition of the famous book, and has been edited by Mr. W. H. Lambert, Superintendent of Schools, of Malden, Mass. Mr. Lambert has abridged the original work 'by omitting a few of the more uninteresting episodes,' and 'by condensing many of the lengthy moral reflections, where they seemed to impede the onward flow of the story.' There is not so much harm in this, nor in the expurgation of 'all the gross terms and allusions;' but it is another matter when he 'casts into a simpler form' the 'long and involved sentences which characterize the writers of the age of Defoe.' He claims, however, to have performed this delicate operation without interfering in any wise with 'the diction of the author,' which statement confuses somewhat our understanding of the word 'diction.'

The Postage on Manuscripts.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Cannot something be done by political influence or otherwise to reduce the postage on MSS.? It is a heavy burden on the average writer, who pays thereby an exorbitant tax on his brain income, especially if he is still young and unknown, for then, not only is his work less well paid for, but it has to be sent out oftener in quest of a publisher. Once the postage was low. It is still low in Canada and abroad. A MS. can be sent to Canada from the United States, or from Canada to Florida, at book rates. Why should it make any difference whether it is written or printed, when the contents are the same? If a newspaper can go free,

how much more should the MS.? Is not a book as great an educator, and is the publisher only to have relief? Where is the giant who is ready to take up arms in this matter for the protection of his younger and weaker brothers?

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 3, 1883.

T.

The Late Prof. Palmer's Death.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Will you have the kindness to give, in THE CRITIC, a brief account of the 'tragic death' of the late Prof. E. H. Palmer? Unfortunately I have seen no notice of it, and am eager to be enlightened.

THOMAS A. WARBURTON.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Aug. 28, 1883.

[Prof. Palmer's 'tragic death,' to which Mr. Leland alluded in THE CRITIC of July 14, occurred in this way: The Professor had been sent out on a delicate and dangerous mission to the sheikhs along the line of the Suez Canal, whom it was feared Arabi Bey might incite to a holy war against the English. He had succeeded in winning their good will—a task which no one else could have accomplished—and was returning to the interior from Suez, to redeem his money pledges, when a party of Bedouins attacked him in the desert. This was on the 10th of August a year ago. On the 11th, Prof. Palmer and his two companions were murdered by their captors. They had been betrayed by the sheikh whom they had trusted.]

Adriano Manglard.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have two pen-and-ink sketches, one a 'Veduta del Vesuvio di Napoli,' both signed 'Adriano Manglard fecit, Roma, 1753.' Can any of your readers tell me anything of the artist, or the value of his works?

LYNN, MASS., August 23, 1883.

L. F. S. B.

The Lounger

A FRIEND OF MINE said the other day that he considered Henry James a rising young man. He went on to explain that he used the expression not sarcastically but literally: that Mr. James was young yet; and that he was still 'rising'—rising not merely in notoriety, and in fame as well—but that he showed signs also of improving as an artist; that, in other words, he was still very far from the end of his rope. My friend said that Mr. James's later work seemed to him certainly not overburdened with analysis,—which has been considered his besetting sin,—and that while his recent essays are perhaps more brilliant, and at the same time more broad and genial than ever, his stories appear to be if anything more rapidly told, as mere stories.

MR. JAMES's own conduct, under the searching and sometimes rather brutal treatment he has received lately, at home and abroad, has been, it seems to me, admirable. He was attacked (especially in England) on account of remarks not made by himself, but by others; he was not only attacked, but what was still more trying, dissected, analyzed, and generally and particularly discussed,—and through all the clamor, I may almost say abuse, he kept quietly on his way, deigning no reply to his detractors, and alluding but once directly to any part of the dispute, notwithstanding that his essays on Trollope and Daudet brought up for his comment the whole subject of the novel. These essays, instead of partaking of the bitterness displayed by some of his critics, were written with the true literary geniality.

Is it not somewhat curious, by the way, that with all those literary shortcomings of which he is found guilty by the knowing (and who of us does not take pride and pleasure in showing his appreciation of Mr. James's 'limitations'), and with all his personal reticence,—notwithstanding the fact that he avoids, almost

with ardor, the sensational in his books, and in his life, so far as the public know anything about it,—is it not somewhat curious, I say, that Mr. James should be one of the most interesting literary figures of our day? I should say that, among Americans who write, Mr. James divides with Mr. Whitman the honors of newspaper discussion.

I HAVE before me the sheets of 'Twenty Poems from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,' illustrated by his son. This is not the first time that Mr. Ernest Longfellow has illustrated his father's poems, but he has done his work better in this volume than in the larger ones where he has shared the privilege with other artists. Most of the pictures were made directly from the scenes described in the poems, and were the favorite haunts of the poet. The portrait of Mr. Longfellow has been engraved by Closson in his best style and is to my thinking the most satisfactory of the many likenesses of the poet. It was painted by his son from life, and is the one most liked by the family. This book is printed on pure white paper which, I believe, while it brings out all the beauties of an engraving, is very hard on its imperfections. The tinted paper in such common use is the salvation of worn cuts.

ONE of the judges in the Harper art competition told me last Tuesday that the trouble with the drawings submitted for their inspection was a lack of evidence of training. A number of the pictures showed more than an ordinary amount of thought, but the draughtsman or draughtswoman, as the case might be, was always handicapped by insufficient knowledge of the technicalities of the art. The committee are not a little chagrined at the result, and feel as keenly disappointed as any of the competitors that there was no one to carry off the \$3000 prize.

THE COMPETITION, however, has been reopened, its scope having been enlarged, and the limitations somewhat modified. As it now stands the prize is offered for the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas, and the subject may be treated in its religious or social aspects, according to the fancy of the artist. Any scriptural text, any poem, or any original thought, may be chosen for illustration. The successful drawing will be engraved as a frontispiece for *Harper's Magazine* of December, 1884, and should others be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page *Harper's Weekly*, \$500; one page *Harper's Bazaar*, \$500; one page *Harper's Young People*, \$500; these 3 awards not to be subject to the before-mentioned understanding as to the prosecution of art study, etc. The age of the competitor has also been extended, and twenty-seven years is now the limit instead of twenty-five. This reopening of the competition shows a sincere desire on the part of the Messrs Harper to give the American art-student every possible chance, and if the prize is not finally won, it will be from no fault of those who have made the offer.

I HAVE just seen a 'preliminary number' of *The Interwordian Magazine*, to be published at Toronto, Canada. 'The name of this proposed Monthly Magazine,' it seems, 'is taken from that system of Doctrine, or Spiritual Instruction, which declares that the Divinity of the Sacred Scripture called THE WORD OF GOD, rests solely upon the Living Essence of Spiritual Truth contained within its external forms of expression, which are to be understood by what is termed the Correspondential Law of Interpretation.' No wonder that I didn't know what it meant at first sight! A copy of this Canadian magazine should be bound up with *The Moonly Voice*, familiar to old readers of New Jersey exchanges.

The Sun celebrated its fiftieth birthday on Monday last. The whole of the first page (except a little corner into which two small advertisements were squeezed) was devoted to a history of the paper. In this was included a report of an interview with Ben. Day, the founder of *The Sun*, who is still a reader and admirer of the sheet, though he long since ceased to be its owner. In the early days of *The Sun*—before its light had begun to shine for 700,000 readers—Mr. Day had a young man to write editorials for him, who afterward became Governor of New York (a position which Mr. Dana declares to be less desirable than that of editor of *The Sun*). That young man was a lawyer, and his name was Robinson—Lucius C. Robinson. 'He seemed to

be a young man of excellent ideas,' said Mr. Day, 'but not very highly educated.' Of the six morning papers which existed in New York at that time, *The Journal of Commerce* is the sole survivor. If they were no brighter than that venerable sheet is to-day, their loss is not to be regretted. The *Journal* is an extremely useful publication, and a very rich one; but it does not run *The Sun* or the *Herald* a very close race as a gatherer and dispenser of general news.

THE OLD morning papers cost six cents apiece, and there were two journeymen printers on them who looked with special incredulity on Mr. Day's attempt to establish a penny rival. One of these doubters was a certain A. S. Abell. When *The Sun* succeeded, he went to Baltimore and started a penny paper of the same name. It has made him a millionaire. The other doubter was William M. Swain, who afterward owned a low-priced paper in Philadelphia—the *Ledger*. It brought him in a fortune. 'There is scarcely a successful daily newspaper started since 1868 which was not modelled after *The Sun* of to-day. There is hardly a daily newspaper in America, with an existence antedating 1868, which has not modified its manner and methods—more or less—according to the new journalism in which *The Sun* was the pioneer.' There is very little exaggeration in these statements. For the past fifteen years *The Sun* has been under one management, and that the ablest of any journal in America. The contrast between the first issue—a facsimile of which accompanied the number published yesterday—and the latest is as great, almost, as the contrast between the first issue of the *Herald*, with its life of St. Francis, or some other calendar-worthy, and the 'octuple sheet' put forth, on some recent Sunday, from the marble building at Broadway and Ann Street. The *Herald*, by the way, is only three years younger than its sprightly rival.

'TO WHAT base uses we may return, Horatio!' The noble dust of Alexander, we are told, might be traced by imagination, till it was found filling a bunghole. 'Imperial Cæsar—dead, and turned to clay—might stop a hole to keep the wind away.' A use only a little decenter, it seems, has been found for the skull of one who was greater than either Cæsar or the great Alexander. Some one wants to compare Shakspeare's head with the bust and portraits of him, and the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon has 'signified his willingness to allow the poet's remains to be exhumed.' If Mr. Barnum 'puts up a job' with the custodian of the disinterred cranium, the Vicar of Stratford will have no one but himself to blame. The skull of Shakspeare, 'warranted genuine,' would 'draw' better in America than a Siamese white elephant, or the body of the murderer, Guiteau.

'Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here:
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.'

Evidently the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon cares nothing for the maledictions of the dead.

DR. GINSBURG, one of the English revisers of the Bible, who was employed as an expert to pass upon the genuineness of the embalmed MS. offered to the British Museum by Mr. Shapira, has pronounced the whole thing a forgery. Fragments of the Hebrew text were printed in the London *Times* of August 3, and the whole of it is being published in *The Athenæum* from week to week, a translation by Dr. Ginsburg accompanying the original text. The Ten Commandments were printed on August 11. Shapira's description of the way in which he got possession of the supposed treasure reads like a story from 'The Arabian Nights.' It occurs in a letter addressed to Dr. Ginsburg on the 7th of last month. The owner of the discredited MS. will return to Jerusalem without the \$500,000 which he had hoped to receive from the authorities of the British Museum.

I ASKED Dr. Schaff, the other day, what he thought of the Shapira MS. of Deuteronomy. He had read Dr. Ginsburg's translation and criticisms of it, and Dr. Neubauer's and Prof. Sayce's letters to *The Academy*, and had no hesitation in accepting their verdict as to the spuriousness of the thing. 'But I don't think Shapira himself meant to deceive any one with it,' he said. 'No doubt he was deceived himself.' The man is a dealer in antiquities at Jerusalem. Sometimes he comes upon something

of great value; at other times he is less fortunate. In the opinion of Prof. Sayce—and Dr. Schaff is of the same mind—the sheepskins on which the Hebrew characters were inscribed could never have withstood the damp climate of Palestine for 3000 years, even if embalmed. 'In Egypt,' said the Doctor, 'it would have been quite possible.' Dr. Schaff once bought a parchment Book of Esther from Shapira, for which no great antiquity was claimed. He afterward went to the dealer's house, and found there a Moabite curiosity which was not for sale—a monstrous ostrich, brought to Shapira by the Bedouins, which made a rush at the reverend visitor, but was prevented from doing him bodily harm by its inability to escape from its enclosure.

AN EVIL RESULT of minor character likely to come from the vogue of Mr. Adams's onslaught on the study of Greek is an increased currency given by it to the false spelling *fetich*, instead of *fetish*. One might just as well write the word *fetisch*, because the Germans do, as to make it *fetich* because the French write *fétiche*; for there is no other reason. The final sound is everywhere and only the *sh*-sound; and this in English should be always, as it in fact already usually is, written with the English representative, *sh*.

SOME forty letters from, or relating to, Lord and Lady Byron, were printed in *The Athenaeum* of August 18, and have been widely copied in this country. They throw new light on the poet's career, and on his wife's relations to him and Mrs. Leigh, and tend to rescue the names of the unhappily-mated couple from much of the scandal which has been coupled with them for many years. One of the letters is from the poet to Lady Byron. It was the last he addressed to her, and was written on his departure from England in 1816. Some of these forty letters—which fill nearly five pages of *The Athenaeum*—are preserved in the British Museum, and a few of them were printed four years ago by the Keeper of the Manuscripts. It is a pity that we are not told just which ones are here given for the first time.

Notes

THE first number of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, Macmillan & Co.'s new monthly, will be issued the latter part of this month. From the table-of-contents it is quite evident that the magazine will not depend for its success solely upon its illustrations, though it will give special attention to that department of the work. The frontispiece will be a well-engraved reproduction of Alma Tadema's 'Shy,' in the possession of Mr. D. O. Mills, of this city. Then follow 'From the Old Law Courts to the New,' by F. Maitland, with illustrations; 'Les Casquettes,' a poem, by Algernon Charles Swinburne; 'The Dormouse at Home,' by Grant Allen, with illustrations by Charles Whymper; 'Rossetti's Influence in Art,' by J. Comyns Carr, with illustrations from paintings and drawings by the artist; 'The Supernatural Experiences of Patsy Cong,' by William Black; 'The Oyster,' by Professor Huxley, with illustrations; and 'The Armorer's 'Prentices,' by Charlotte M. Yonge, Chapters I., II. The size of the magazine is about that of *Harper's* or *The Century*. The typographical appearance of the pages, with their decorative head and tail pieces, rather suggests the latter periodical. The cover is like neither. It is a pale green, with ornamental design printed in a darker shade of green, making a very pleasant effect for the eye. The most astonishing thing about this magazine is its price. In England it will be sold for sixpence, and in this country for fifteen cents.

Messrs. Harper expect to have ready in a few days their edition of Poe's 'Raven,' illustrated by Gustave Doré. They have in the press a new volume by Mr. Charles Nordhoff, entitled 'God and the Future Life.' They publish this week 'French and German Socialism in Modern Times,' by Professor Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, and Mrs. Oliphant's 'Sheridan.'

There are rumors afloat which lead us to believe that a well-known and wealthy publishing house of this city is contemplating the publication of a new illustrated magazine.

Mr. George Pellew has published through Cupples, Upham & Co. his 'Bowdoin prize dissertation' on 'Jane Austen's Novels.' It is gratifying to see a young man praise these excellent stories. Young men as a rule prefer 'Ouida' to Jane Austen.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. have in press in their subscription book department a novel said to be written by the wife of a well-known ex-senator, entitled 'America Shamed by an American.' Those who have read the MS. say that it will do as much toward the extinction of Mormonism as Uncle Tom's Cabin did toward the extinction of slavery.

Henry Holt & Co. have two American novels in preparation, to be published anonymously. They have also in the press a Briefer American Science Series, which will be inaugurated by Newcomb and Holden's Astronomy. The series is designed for use as text-books.

The November number of *The Century* will probably have for its frontispiece a portrait of Tourguéneff engraved from a painting from life made especially for the magazine. The biographical and critical sketch that accompanies the portrait was written by Alphonse Daudet and translated by Henry James. The frontispiece of the October number will be a portrait of Longfellow engraved from an excellent photograph. Mr. Stedman's long-expected essay on Longfellow will appear in this number.

The author of the 'Hoosier Schoolmaster,' Dr. Edward Eggleston, has written a story for the younger generation called 'The Hoosier School Boy,' which Messrs. Scribner have in press. Miss Susan Anna Brown, whose 'Forty Puddings' was so popular last year, has written another little cook-book in similar style, called 'Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities.' The wife of John it will be remembered was conspicuous for her frugal mind. The idea of the book is to show how many dainty dishes can be made from the material that so often goes to waste in the kitchen.

The large first edition of Thurlow Weed's Autobiography is now out of print. A new edition will be ready in the course of a fortnight.

Mr. G. H. Putnam, who has just returned from Europe, has arranged for the publication there simultaneously with its appearance in this country of 'Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists.' All the living English writers whose essays are given in this collection have signified their willingness to have them reprinted. For the essays of deceased authors, Mr. Putnam has arranged with their publishers.

Messrs. Putnam have ready for immediate publication the new novel by the Marchioness Clara Lanza, author of 'Mr. Perkins's Daughter,' called 'The Righteous Apostate.'

Doctor Robert D. Joyce, the author of 'Blatid' and 'Dierdré,' who made Boston his home for a number of years, has returned to Dublin where he will take up his permanent residence with his brother. His health has been very feeble for some time past, and he has returned to his old home to see if the change of scene and air will not do him temporary good at any rate.

Mr. Phil. Robinson writes of his 'Saunterings in Utah' in the October number of *Harper's Magazine*, and Mr. W. D. Bishop discusses 'The Blue-Grass Trotters,' and horse farming and training in Kentucky generally. This number will also contain a poem, 'Good Night, and Good Morrow,' by Philip Bourke Marston. The new serial for *Harper's Magazine* is by Mr. William Black, and is called 'Judith Shakspeare: Her Love Affairs and Other Adventures.' The scene is laid at Stratford-on-Avon, and the immortal bard is introduced as one of the characters. The illustrations will be by Mr. E. A. Abbey.

The orders taken by Dodd, Mead & Co. for the Rev. E. P. Roe's new novel, 'The Sombre Rivals,' are in excess of any previous orders for his stories. They start off with an edition of 25,000 copies. The rivals referred to are death and grief, and the story is one of the late war. Mr. Roe has had a varied war experience, though he was not in the battle of Bull Run which he has here described at length. Lt.-Col. H. C. Hasbrouck, of West Point, was, however; and he has written to Mr. Roe: 'I have read with great interest the manuscript you sent me. It so happens that I was one of the junior officers with Griffin's Battery, and saw the Bull Run battle from Graham's point of view. It is the best and truest picture of that battle I have yet seen. The accounts of the other actions are truthful descriptions of the fighting in Virginia in our Civil War.'

A new edition, revised, of 'The Spell-Bound Fiddler,' from the original of Kristofer Janson, by Auber Forestier, will be published next month by Griggs & Co. It contains many anecdotes of Ole Bull's early life, and other stories, showing how lavishly the peasants of Norway are endowed with musical talent.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., in connection with Smith, Elder & Co., have in preparation a new edition of Thackeray's Works, to be called the Standard Edition. This edition, which is to include a number of miscellaneous sketches and essays never before collected, will be issued in monthly volumes, beginning early in October with the first part of 'Vanity Fair,' illustrated with 22 steel plates and 84 wood-cuts, and will be complete in 26 octavo volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce an illustrated holiday edition of Wm. Shepard's 'Pen Pictures of Modern Authors,' the second volume of the Literary Life Series. The third volume of this series, 'Pen Pictures of Earlier Victorian Authors,' will appear next month.

John E. Potter & Co., of Philadelphia, have just published '2000 a Year on Fruits and Flowers,' the story of the experience of a widow who, from a position of actual want, succeeded in building up a profitable business in her flower-garden.

A group of papers, descriptive of scenes from Hawthorne, George Eliot, George W. Cable, and other novelists, will appear in *The Century* for 1884. Harry Fenn, Alfred Parsons, and Joseph Pennell will furnish illustrations.

The publishers of *The Century* have arranged with Alphonse Daudet for a series of reminiscences and pen portraits of prominent Frenchmen and others, to appear in that magazine, in 1884.

Mr. Henry Irving has written a preface to 'The Paradox of Acting,' translated from Diderot by Walter Herries Pollock, and an excellent preface it is. Mr. Irving disputes Diderot's theory that the actor should not be a man of sensibility, and reasons from the standpoint of the expert. What he has to say on the subject is very interesting. It is quite possible in acting, he says, 'to feel all the excitement of the situation, and yet be perfectly self-possessed. This is an art which the actor who loses his head has not mastered.' The book—which is daintily printed and bound in parchment—is imported by Scribner & Welford.

A new volume by Prof. Alex. Winchell, LL.D., author of 'Preadamites,' is in the press of S. C. Griggs & Co., and will be ready in October. It is entitled 'World Life, or Comparative Geology,' and is to be illustrated.

Lord Rosebery opened, on August 29, the free library presented to the town of Dunfermline, Scotland, by Mr. Andrew Carnegie of this city. He not only praised the generosity of the Scottish-American millionaire, but expressed great interest in and fondness for this country, which he expects soon to revisit.

Mr. Robert Grant's new story, 'An Average Man,' which is to begin in an early number of *The Century*, is said to present some of the most characteristic phases of New York society.

A series of papers on 'The New Era in American Architecture,' containing many illustrations of recent architectural work, will be published in the coming volume of *The Century*.

Harper & Bros. have begun the publication of a duodecimo edition of their Franklin Square Library. The volume is an extremely neat and handy one—4½ by 6½ inches in size—and is bound in pretty, light-blue paper-covers. George Eliot's 'Silas Marner' is the first work to appear in this new series.

Among the juvenile books which Thomas Whittaker will issue in the fall are 'Big Girls,' by Mrs. W. T. Hays; 'Not my Way, or Good out of Evil,' by T. M. Brown; 'The Three Chums,' by M. L. Ridley; and 'Stories from English History,' by Louise Creighton.

The September *Magazine of American History* is one of the best numbers yet issued. The leading article, by Gen. John Cochrane—'The Centennial of the Cincinnati'—is illustrated with portraits of several of the founders and all of the Presidents-General of the Society since its foundation. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait of the present President-General, Mr. Hamilton Fish. Mr. Wharton Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, contributes a biographical sketch of 'John Dickinson, LL.D., the great Colonial Essayist.' Col. T. Bailey Myers discusses the origin of the Medal of the Cincinnati in an article entitled 'A National Heirloom,' furnishing two unpublished letters of its designer, L'Enfant. Mr. James Schouler contributes several charming pages on 'Lafayette's Tour in 1824,' and 'Viator' appears with an unpublished letter of Washington to Mrs. Richard Stockton. The Original Documents contain unpublished letters of Baron de Steuben, George Clinton, Lafayette, and Gen. Bloomfield.

The new novels of Jas. R. Osgood & Co. are 'Dolly,' by Frances Hodgson Burnett; 'Guenn: a Wave on the Breton Shore,' by Miss Blanche W. Howard; 'Fortune's Fool,' by Julian Hawthorne; 'A Woman's Reason,' by W. D. Howells; 'A Woman of Honor,' by H. C. Bunner; and 'The Storied Sea,' tales and essays by Mrs. Susan E. Wallace, wife of the United States Minister to Turkey. The more important publications of this firm were announced in these columns early in the spring. The following have been added to the list: 'George Eliot: A Critical Study of Her Life, Writings, and Philosophy,' by George Willis Cooke; 'Spiritual Creation, and the Necessary Implication of Nature in It,' by the late Henry James; Schopenhauer's 'The World as Will and Idea,' translated by R. B. Haldane and John Kemp; 'The Ideas of the Apostle Paul,' by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke; 'Myths of the Indians; or, Legends, Traditions, and Symbols of the Aborigines of America,' by Ellen Russell Emerson; 'Schools and Studies,' essays on educational topics, by President Hinsdale of Hiram College; 'Nights with Uncle Remus,' by Joel Chandler Harris; and 'A Little Girl among the Old Masters,' with introduction and comments by W. D. Howells.

Signora L. Poet has taken a diploma in law at the University of Turin, and been formally admitted to practise as an 'advocatessa' at the bar of that town.

It is said, on the authority of *Le Livre*, that the unveiling of the statue of Dumas, in the Boulevard Malesherbes, was postponed to Sept. 15 because of the refusal of a horsecar company to stop its cars.

In pursuance of the editor's intention to make *The Wheelman* more liberal in its scope, the September number contains papers on 'Lawn-Tennis in America,' 'Health as a Pulpit Force,' and 'Athletics and Gymnastics at Harvard.' In the last article, Mr. W. S. Kennedy describes the \$100,000 model gymnasium, built for the College as the gift of Augustus Hemenway, of the class of '76. A separate article will some day be given to bicycling at Harvard. The second volume of *The Wheelman* is completed by this number.

Vol. I. of *The Modern Age* (January to June, 1883) reaches us in flexible covers of sober hue, between which are bound up some 400 pages of reading matter, partly original, partly translated from the leading continental reviews, and partly appropriated from the English magazines. The selections and translations have been well made.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, poet and critic, has been awarded, on the eve of his departure for this country, a pension of \$1250 a year.

Dr. George MacDonald's new novel, 'Donald Grant,' is printed in this country from the author's MS., and will be reprinted in England from advance-sheets furnished by the American publishers, Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co.

Harper & Brothers will publish immediately an important work on New Testament criticism on which Dr. Schaff, President of the American Committee on the Revision of the Bible, has been engaged for nearly two years. 'A Companion to the Greek Testament and the English Version' is a thesaurus of information on every subject relating to the history and the critical study of the New Testament Scriptures. In the opening chapter the author deals with the language of the New Testament, analyzing the style and vocabulary of each of the writers in succession with critical acumen and accurate scholarship. The manuscripts of the New Testament, their history, general character, and divisions; the ancient versions—Latin, Syriac, Egyptian, Æthiopic, Gothic, and Armenian—and their value; Patristic quotations; textual criticism, its nature and object, the origin, number, and classes of the variations, and the critical rules to be applied in solving the problems raised by discrepancies between the various sources of the text; the history of the printed text from Erasmus and Stephens to Westcott and Hort; the authorized English Version, its origin and character; the Revised Version, its peculiarities, and the history of its preparation and publication—are all treated of in separate chapters in a methodical and exhaustive manner. The book contains five appendixes, an alphabetical index, and an index of Scripture passages explained. Appendix I. is a comprehensive list of printed editions of the Greek New Testament. It was prepared by Prof. Isaac H. Hall, of Philadelphia, and comprises 923 editions, 251 of which are mentioned in no similar list. Appendix II. is also-

gether unique, being a collection of carefully made fac-similes (reduced in many cases) of titles and specimen pages from twenty epoch-making editions of the Greek Testament. The reproductions were made, at considerable expense, from volumes lent from the libraries of Dr. Schaff, the Rev. Dr. T. J. Conant, of Brooklyn, Dr. Ezra Abbot, of Cambridge, and Prof. Hall. Dr. Schaff has also received important aid in the construction of the work from Prof. Benjamin B. Warfield, who has contributed a chapter on the genealogical method of classifying MSS., and from Bishop Lee, of Delaware, who has furnished a list of changes adopted in the Revised Version by the English Committee at the instance of the American Committee. The proofs of the entire book passed under the eye of Dr. Ezra Abbot.

A sketch of the history of 'The Ute Indians of Colorado' is given in the August *Unitarian Review*. The writer, Rev. Henry F. Bond, shows how the territory of these people has been cut down, by treaty, from 38,700 square miles in 1863 to 950 square miles in 1880.

The scene of Mr. Cable's new novel, 'Dr. Sevier,' is laid in New Orleans, the time being the eve of the Civil War, a glimpse of the beginning of which is given in the closing chapters. The novel will be an important feature of the new volume of *The Century*, the first chapters appearing in the November number.

S. C. Griggs & Co. will publish, in October, a new edition (the third) of Prof. Welsh's 'Development of English Literature and Language,' in one volume, without abridgment, at reduced price, for the use of schools.

The autumn publications of Cupples, Upham & Co. include a novel entitled, 'The Love of a Lifetime,' by the author of 'From Madge to Margaret'; 'About Spain,' by W. H. Downes, a Boston journalist, with many illustrations; 'A Memoir of Charles Lowe,' with extracts from his diary and letters, by Martha Perry Lowe; 'Stray Chords,' a volume of poems by Julia Anagnos, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; 'Patrice: Her Love and Labor,' a poem in four parts, by Edward F. Hayward, author of 'Ecce Spiritus'; 'a holiday edition of the Poems and Sonnets of Owen Innsly'; 'The Business Man's Assistant,' by I. R. Butts; and a cheaper edition of Mr. J. A. Nichols's 'Whence, What and Where?'

The eighth chapter of Mr. Hardy's 'But Yet a Woman,' relates how Stéphanie carried to the late Comte de Chambord the programme of his loyal adherents for placing him on the French throne, and how he calmly rejected it, and thereby virtually shut himself out from the throne forever.

Jansen, McClurg & Co. have in press a new book by Miss Kirkland, author of 'Six Little Cooks,' etc., which, as indicated by its title, 'Speech and Manners,' is intended to call the attention of young people to the importance of a correct use of their mother-tongue, and to furnish some hints in regard to the most common violations of good breeding. Second, a 'Life of Wagner,' by Dr. Louis Nohl, translated by George P. Upton and illustrated with a new portrait. This will be the fourth volume of the firm's popular Biographies of Musicians. They announce also, a selection of twenty 'Sermons' by Prof. David Swing. The firm having just published a little book, called 'Congested Prices,' by M. L. Scudder, Jr., which will attract attention in these days of speculation, stock-jobbing, and 'corners.'

The Art Catalogue of the New England Exposition has been got up without regard to cost. The outlay upon it has been \$11,000. It contains nineteen etchings, twelve albertypes, and thirty-two drawings, fresh from the studios of some of the best American artists; also twenty articles written expressly for the work by specialists in the various departments of art.

According to the latest census of Japan, taken on the first day of the present year, the population of the empire is 36,700,110 of whom 18,598,998 are males and 18,101,112 females.

Mr. Wm. R. Jenkins, of this city, has made arrangements for the republication here of a number of veterinary works just issued or shortly to be published in England. Among these are Prof. Robertson's 'Practice of Equine Medicine,' and George Fleming's 'Operative Veterinary Surgery.' He will also republish a number of pamphlets on veterinary subjects, at the uniform price of 25 cents, and will issue new editions of Prof. William's works on 'Veterinary Medicine' and 'Veterinary

Surgery,' at \$7.50 per volume instead of \$10 as heretofore. In French, Mr. Jenkins has just published Henry Gréville's popular story of 'Dosia,' a novel that has been received with great favor by teachers as well as by the general reader. This will be followed by Halevy's 'L'Abbé Constantin,' and others, in a series to be known under the title of Romans Choisis, which will be sold at less than half the price of the original French editions.

Bret Harte's new California story, 'In the Carquinez Woods,' now running in *Longman's Magazine*, will be published early in September in a Little Classic volume.

Mrs. James T. Fields, who has had long experience in philanthropic work, has written a practical book on 'How to Help the Poor,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish.

Frederick Winkle Horn's 'History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North,' from the most ancient times to the present, translated by Prof. R. B. Anderson, to which will be added nearly 100 pages of bibliography of important books in English relating to the Scandinavian countries, by Thorvald Solberg, will be published in October by S. C. Griggs & Co.

The next volume in the Parchment Series will be the 'Sonnets of John Milton,' edited by Mark Pattison.

Latine, the monthly magazine printed in Latin, edited by Prof. E. S. Shumway, and designed as an aid to teachers, and for all students who still retain an interest in the classics, will be published hereafter by D. Appleton & Co.

Irving's Life of Washington has been reissued by Messrs. Putnam in two large paper-covered parts at 30 cents apiece. It is a Centennial edition, illustrated and handsomely printed. D. Appleton & Co. will issue shortly an edition of 'Cobbett's English Grammar,' edited by Alfred Ayres, author of 'The Verbalist.'

Among the forthcoming publications of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., not already announced in *THE CRITIC*, are: 'The History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederic the Great,' by Prof. Herbert Tuttle, of Cornell University; 'A Handbook of English Authors,' by Oscar Fay Adams; 'A Roundabout Journey,' by Chas. Dudley Warner; 'The Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems,' by J. G. Whittier; 'He and She: a Poet's Portfolio,' by W. W. Story; 'Poems for Children,' by Mrs. Celia Thaxter; 'Mercedes, and Later Lyrics,' by T. B. Aldrich.

One of the latest publications of the Messrs. Putnam is a little book by Dr. W. G. Thompson, on 'Training Schools for Nurses,'—an historical and descriptive sketch, followed by notes on twenty-two different American schools. The contents of the fourth volume in Dr. Coan's Topics of the Time are 'Village Life in Norfolk; 600 Years Ago,' 'A Few Words About the XVIIIth Century' (both from *The Nineteenth Century*), 'Siena' (*Contemporary Review*), 'France and England in 1793' (*Fortnightly Review*), and 'General Chanzy' (*Temple Bar*).

The Atlantic for October, November, and December will be rendered specially noteworthy by articles from Emerson's unpublished MSS. The first of these is entitled 'Historic Notes of Life and Letters in Massachusetts,' and is said to be marked by the most charming qualities of Mr. Emerson's genius. The November article will be upon Dr. Ezra Ripley, and that of the December number on Mary Moody Emerson. The first two volumes of an entirely new edition of Emerson's Works will soon be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The first volume is entitled 'Nature, Addresses, and Lectures,' and has heretofore been known by the title 'Miscellanies.' This book will contain a new portrait of Mr. Emerson, etched by Schoff, and much liked by Mr. Emerson's family. The second volume will be the First Series of Essays. This edition, which comprises all of Mr. Emerson's works hitherto published and two new volumes of essays, lectures, and speeches, will be in the bookstores before the holidays.

IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF died at the beginning of this week. His friends in this country had long known that his health was irreparably broken, and the news of his death was by no means unexpected. But it comes nevertheless with poignancy, not only to those who were honored with his personal friendship or acquaintance, but to the many who had been moved by the unsurpassed beauty and pathos of his imaginative writings. Tourguéneff was not only one of the great, but of the greatest. In another number we shall hope to print a fuller tribute to his genius.

CHRISTOPHER BERNHARD LEVIN SCHUCKING, who has been called 'the Walter Scott of Westphalia,' died last Sunday at the age of sixty-nine. He was born near Münster, studied at the German universities, and travelled in Italy and France. At one time he was connected with the *Augsburg Gazette*, and again with the *Cologne Gazette*. He was the author of twenty-four novels, six novelettes, a volume of poems and a book of reminiscences. His best-known works are 'Luther at Rome,' 'Verschlungene Wege,' and 'Ein Sohn des Volks.' His wife, also, was a writer of novels.

THE CENTURY COMPANY of this city, publishers of the new revision of the Imperial Dictionary, now preparing, and its editor, Prof. Whitney of Yale College, are asking for contributions from any and all who are interested in making as complete and perfect as possible a work which promises to be so useful. General students of English, curious and scholarly readers, persons familiar with the special vocabularies of branches of knowledge and branches of industry, are invited to send in criticisms, new words and meanings of words, apt illustrations, phrases and idioms—in short, dictionary material of whatever kind. Citations with references are desired where they are obtainable. The revision is going actively forward, in the hands of a large corps of collaborators, including many men of universally acknowledged eminence; but it is, we are informed, as yet too early to promise the appearance of the completed work at any particular time.

The Drama

THERE was quite a flutter on Monday evening in the dove-cotes of society. Mr. W. J. Ferguson, an actor with a small reputation, appeared at the Twenty-Third Street Theatre as Sir Chauncey Trip, nicknamed the Dude. He wore the white, broad brimmed hat of tradition, the high collar, the tight trousers, the boots of patent leather, and was accepted as the ideal of a dude and much admired by the ladies.

There is no dude in the first act of the play, which is called 'A Friendly Tip' and is written by a Mr. J. H. Farrell, who assumes a part in it. In place of the dude there is a servant maid who distracts a dingy English household with her minstrel songs and clog-dances. Her employer is so depressed by her irregular behavior that he commits forgery and thinks of committing suicide. A letter, however, comes to him from America, inviting him to cross the Atlantic, marry his cousin, and inherit a fortune, and, though married already, he leaves England at once, feeling that abandonment is the least punishment he can inflict on his wife for suffering the servant maid to sing her songs and dance her dances in the drawing-room.

Then the Dude appears. Nobody knows his nationality. For his own part he refuses to burden his mind with a question of birth. He calls himself Sir Chauncey Trip, sometimes believing that he is an English baronet, and sometimes remembering that he comes from Boston. His occupation is to live on his neighbors, and among his friends is a rich young American who is accused of seduction by the villain of the preceding act. Being drunk, he resents the imputation on his friend's morals, and seems disposed to fight when he is suddenly pushed backward into an extraordinary agricultural machine, which belches smoke and flame, and blows the Dude high into the air.

When he comes down he is without means of subsistence. His coat is torn, his high collar ruffled, his trousers ragged, his boots in holes. So he sets out as a 'beat' of the familiar pattern, frequents low bar-rooms, hob-a-nobs with prize-fighters and thieves. His easy grace of manner seems to be making an impression on his associates when unfortunately he falls through an open coal hole in the pavement and disappears from their admiring view. And while he is in the coal-hole

the villain's wife comes over from England. She has heard that her husband is on the point of committing bigamy and is going to denounce him, when the prize-fighters and thieves employed by him succeed in kidnapping her. Luckily, the Dude hears the scrimmage in his subterranean retreat and, having a toy-pistol in his pocket, climbs out of the coal-hole, presents his formidable weapon, and overawes the prize-fighters and thieves till the police arrive.

'Enough!' cries the reader. 'This must be the worst play ever written.' Reader, we believe it is. In recording the productions of the contemporary stage we often have to blot our page with vulgarities and trivialities. Here, however, the lowest point of dramatic degradation is reached. Through the twaddle of Wilde and his fellows there shoots an occasional gleam of sense. In 'A Friendly Tip' all is crass darkness. Nothing so base, so brutal, so humiliating to an educated audience, has been seen on the American stage.

As for the dude there is not an atom of novelty in his composition. Dudes are creatures of the stage. Dundreary was a dude. Sir Charles Coldstream was a dude. Major Hawtree was a dude. Lord Foppington was the prince of dudes. The theatre is the natural atmosphere of dudes; it is only in the street or in the household that they seem remarkable. At the same time, the eccentricities of the fop can always be turned to amusing account. Sothern concocted Dundreary out of a limp, a lisp, and an eyeglass. Lord Foppington's catch-word, 'stap my vitals,' sufficed to set London wild in bygone days. And it is very little to Mr. Ferguson's credit that in the rich field of dudedom he should have reaped so scanty a harvest. His fop is a spineless creature, not at all amusing, and should be banished with his play to the limbo of theatrical mistakes.

'EXCELSIOR,' the new ballet at Niblo's, is, on the other hand, a prodigious success, and the masses of color which it presents are of stupendous proportions. Designed by the choregraphic masters of Milan, produced with exquisite French taste at the new Eden Theatre in Paris, it is brought to America by a firm which has had the good sense to lavish money upon it; and it is not unlikely to work a revolution in scenic art. The tendency of later days has been all in the direction of decoration, and after 'Excelsior' there can be no retreat. The drama unadorned is dead.

In one respect, however, the Messrs. Kiralfy have missed the purpose of this magnificent work. What place has the Brooklyn Bridge among its splendors? Have not the managers perceived that the theme of the ballet is the greatness of France? It depicts the progress of the human mind, the struggle of Darkness and Light, the triumph of invention, and which is the nation that has invented everything—the alphabet, the steam-engine, the telegraph, the electric light? Surely, it is France. At least, the patrons of the Eden Theatre in Paris have been nightly convinced that it is France, and as the patrons of the Eden Theatre are mostly wealthy foreigners and distinguished ladies of the demi monde, their authority on the point is unquestionable.

Thus the ballet unfolds the tribulations of Denis Papin, whom Frenchmen fondly believe to have invented the steamboat; and the piercing of the Mont Cenis tunnel, which was chiefly done by Italians; and the cutting of the Suez Canal, which has fallen into the hands of the English. In the final tableau the other nations of the world are courteously admitted to communion with the French, but only on condition that their attire shall be less magnificent than that of the favored people. And, after all, what does it matter? It is a splendid show.